

JEAN ELIOT'S CHRONICLES OF CAPITAL SOCIETY DOINGS

(Continued from Page 12.)
for any of them who come within halting distance of her.

Mrs. Wilson Carries Quasi Feather Fan.
Mrs. Wilson has affected feather fans, usually big fluffy ones, ever since they first came into vogue—indeed, I suspect her partiality helped to create the vogue—and this evening she carried an unusually quaint one. A small, round fan of stiff white feathers, the kind which doesn't close, set in an ivory handle. This time Mrs. Wilson wasn't knitting, although I've seen her playing her needles in the theater, and at the baseball game.

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PRESIDENT

for the Congressional Club's war work fund she sat alongside the President, and knitted straight through the game.

Congressional Ball Game

The ball game was great fun—of course a travesty on baseball and a roaring farce, but heaps of fun—with charity covering a multitude of errors on both sides. The Republicans were absent from the House for the period of the war because he simply could not bear to keep out of the big scrap.

The game brought out the biggest home-grown, all-American, official audience that Washington has seen in a long time. The President and Mrs. Wilson were accompanied by Miss Margaret Wilson and Mrs. Julian

Bolling, and next to them were the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, and just behind them a big group of convalescent soldiers from the Walter Reed Hospital.

Just opposite were the Speaker and Mrs. Clark and their daughter, Mrs. Thompson, and in the boxes and bleachers all around was practically all of Congress, with its sisters and its cousins and its aunts, and a goodly number of department officials, and even a sprinkling of the judiciary. Mrs. Wilson was charming in white cloth, made with a plain short skirt, and a hip-length coat, the only trimming being white buttons. Her hat was of white straw, a broad-brimmed sailor with a bunch of white flowers and a narrow ribbon bow. About the hat was a veil of French blue tulle, which fell over the face, was tied at the back of the hat and brought around her neck to end in a bow at the front.

How the President

And Others Dressed.
Miss Margaret Wilson was also in white, with a long white coat, and a flowing square white veil with a wide border, arranged in a crownless turban of soft white material, the four corners giving a filmy effect over the shoulders. Mrs. Marshall was a splash of color in a long coat of old rose velvet and a small panama hat.

The President wore white trousers and a black coat, with a bottomiere of white blossoms, and a straw hat. The Vice President was in a gray suit with a gray hat. And the Speaker wore a gray suit and his "official" hat—that marvelous historic beaver of the palest café au lait, with its tall bell crown and a very broad rolled brim, which was presented to him something over a year ago by former Speaker Cannon and former Representative Kent of California, to commemorate the birth of his first grandchild. Where they ever found such a confection is a mystery, and the Speaker cherishes it tenderly and only wears it on great occasions.

Countess de Bryas, who is in this country to look after the devastated villages of France and the French refugees, now has her headquarters in Philadelphia, and is making excursions into various parts of Pennsylvania to speak. When she first came over Mme. de Bryas, who is an unusually interesting person, was in Washington to talk with the French embassy people about her work, and it was then that the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand entertained her at the embassy. Later she made an extensive tour of the East, accompanied by her sister, helping with the Liberty loan campaign and other activities, and now she is resting up a bit preparatory to a tour of the West under the guidance of the committee on public information.

All this is quite an odd experience for a young woman of her traditions and former habit of life, but the upheaval in manners and customs, brought about by the war, seems to justify many new departures. Mme. de Bryas is the niece and goddaughter of the Princess de Henin, who owns the famous Chateau de Bourlemont, in the Alsace country, and has been a frequent visitor at that historic spot. The chateau is a mass of dungeons and curious secret places, access to which is by means of terrible doors, and is full of the most amusing and interesting historical ghosts. The old prince, the present Madame de Henin's father-in-law, was very much opposed to remodeling the chateau. During his life he would not listen to deprecating it by any modern improvements whatsoever. He would have no bells nor would he tolerate anything that savored of innovation. When in the morning he wished for hot water with which to brush his teeth he shot a pistol out of his window to call the servants! That is antiquarian consistency for you!

The Chateau de Bourlemont, by the way, was the refuge of Joan of Arc when she was fighting against the Burgundians. It is thirty-five miles away from Nancy and very near Domremy. The nearest railroad station is Neufchâteau. It is one of the show places in that part of the country, and was much visited by people coming from Vitteil and the baths of Contrexville.

Mme. de Bryas has a fund of interesting stories of that region of France where today the greatest drama in modern history is being enacted. It was her father-in-law, Count de Bryas, acting president of the Jockey Club, whom Mme. de Chevreigne consulted when she first conceived the idea that it would be a gracious thing for the French to establish a club for American officers.

Much had already been planned for the soldiers, but the officers, perhaps more than the soldiers, when "on permission," needed a meeting place where they could enter into good fellowship with their own kind in France and the other officers of the allied armies. The idea was that the expenses of installing the club should be borne by France and the expenses of membership should be kept down as low as possible. Marshal Joffre, Field Marshal Foch and General Pershing were invited to be honorary presidents. And on these lines of good fellowship between the allies was the enterprise started.

The Rothschild house was obtained and every luxury and elegant comfort suitable for a gentleman's club was provided in that palatial residence. I understand that the club is a great success and that after the war it is intended that it shall remain a rendezvous for the distinguished men passing through Paris, where they will have every opportunity of meeting the most prominent French men in their line of thought and

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MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT

And her small son, who has inherited his father's name and his mother's wonderful red hair.

LADY GRANT (Insert).

Wife of Vice Admiral Sir William Lowther Grant, commander of the British squadron in American waters and naval liaison officer of the British embassy.

position. I already had heard of the establishment of such a club, which is likely to add so much to the pleasure of our officers, and it was most interesting to hear a detailed description of it from the daughter of the man who put it through.

I may add that after evolving the idea, and passing it over to Countess de Bryas, Madame de Chevreigne and her committee of women, feeling that they really could add very little, if anything, to the efficient management of a men's club, gracefully retired and left the entire matter in the hands of the count and of those whom he chose to associate with him.

Cabin John's Bridge

Hotel to "Come Back."

There's a rumor going round that the old hotel at Cabin John's bridge is to be renovated, remodeled, and fixed up in quite delightful fashion for the entertainment of motor parties. Dinner will be served there, I understand, and there's also to be dancing. I do hope it is true, and that the project will be put through in a high-class way, for Washington is really in need of just such a place.

For those who don't belong to one of the country clubs, which nowadays have waiting lists yards long, it is really a difficult problem to find any place in the neighborhood of Washington where one can dine comfortably and in pleasant surroundings. The Purple Iris tea house, the Brook tea house, and other places of the sort are picturesque and attractive, but one can't get dinner there unless it is ordered ahead, and that disposes of the possibility of impromptu parties, the pleasantest of all. The same difficulty applies to the Dower House, and besides it is too far away to be very frequently patronized.

Then, of course, there are places like Trammell's, above Great Falls; Pondside, above the Loch house; and above the falls and "Mrs. Villet" at Seneca, where one can get a good chicken dinner and have the best of good times; but they're primitive in the extreme. On the whole, it would seem that the crowded Washington of today could well support a first-class restaurant so advantageously located as to be within a few minutes' walk of Cabin John's creek and the splendid stone bridge which arches it, and that it would prove exceedingly attractive to pleasure seekers.

The lawn fete for the benefit of the Braen Home, which was to have been given on Tuesday evening, has been postponed until Friday, as it has been found impossible to complete the other elaborate preparations for the event in time for the earlier date. The place is the same, 1867 Columbia road, the charming home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith.

The women who are interested in the home and the dear little kiddies who find a real home there—Mrs. William Moore, Mrs. William F. Ham, who is a sort of "laison officer" between the institution and the Twentieth Century Club, which has "adopted" it, and the rest—are working hard to make the entertainment a success, and all manner of interesting and original features are promised. Moreover, there'll be a great bag, a fortune teller, music refreshments and all the usual garden party attractions.

Three Young Soldiers

of Distinction.

In a recent issue of a weekly publication I came across striking photographs of three young men, each with many friends in Washington, who have gone into the service. That's no particular distinction nowadays when "everybody's" doing it, but I hadn't happened to hear before of the activities of these three. One is Capt. George von Lengerke Meyer, son of the late Secretary of the Navy, who is now A. D. C. to Major General

months in the reserve officers' training camp, and had been at Camp Meade, where he won his commission as captain.

I note by the celebrated public prints that they're asking questions in the House of Commons about why Mr. Lloyd George makes a privileged character of Mrs. Pankhurst, permitting her to sit around from place to place in the interest of her propaganda; those fittings having most recently brought her to America and specially to Washington.

The Commons having no particular function nowadays beyond asking questions which are foolish when left unanswered, and disastrous to the questioner when a Lloyd George takes time to reply, there seems no reason why this question shouldn't have been asked. If I were required to name five people in Britain who have struck me as the most useful since the war began, Mrs. Pankhurst would be among them. She proved herself a patriot, a real leader, and a statesman; dropped her fight on the government over woman suffrage, and announced that the woman's party would stop all minor quarrels and devote itself to helping win the war. If Mrs. Pankhurst had been the other kind of suffragist she might have made endless trouble for the government. Instead, she took the lead in that wonderful mobilization of woman-power in industry, business war work, agriculture—everything—that has made Britain a shining example of national solidarity.

They had Mrs. Pankhurst in Holloway goal (I spell it that way as a tribute to our British allies) a little while ago; they'll probably have her in the House of Commons after the next general election; and later her statue will appear in the Abbey with an inscription that will say she ought to be twins and have one effigy in commemoration of her work for suffrage and another in recognition of her leadership in leading the Huns with the women's heel. The idea of questioning Mrs. Pankhurst's right to do anything she likes is unutterably silly, aside entirely from the fact that she's a woman, and therefore sure to do it anyhow.

All of which is apropos of the fact that Mrs. Emeline Pankhurst, arch-suffragist and one-time bawler of the British government, is now in Washington on a wartime mission for the same government and is being entertained by such official personages as Arthur Willert, of the British war mission; Mrs. Pankhurst is stopping at the Logan Hotel and—here's another proof of how times have changed—has at the time of writing been twenty-four hours in town without a peep from any of the Washington press. Time was when the arrival of the distinguished militant would have been regarded as "first page stuff."

Fondly yours,

JEAN ELIOT.

MARRIED 76 YEARS,
GEORGIAN CELEBRATE

ATLANTA, June 16.—Marking the end of over three-quarters of a century of married life, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Holloway, who are spending their closing years at the Arabian Home at Center Hill, yesterday celebrated their seventy-sixth anniversary.

The Holloways, natives of Georgia, were married at the Sweetwater Baptist Church in Talbot county in 1842, when John Tyler of Virginia was in the White House.

Mr. Holloway, who is an ex-Confederate soldier, is ninety-eight years of age and Mrs. Holloway has just passed the ninety-ninth milestone. The husband is bedridden, unable to raise his head from the pillow, while his wife remains by his side. She is quite active.

The Holloways have ten children, but their whereabouts is unknown.

Pointers are a native American crop don't let the Germans beat us at our own game. They are eating pointers and conserving wheat.

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